

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 3.]

MARCH, 1866.

[PRICE 1½d.]

THE LAST HOURS OF JOHN MILTON.

"I THOUGHT it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking bought and begun with the servitude of forswearing; for he who would take orders must subscribe slave." This was the reason why Milton entered not upon the ministry of the Church of England, for which he was educated. God had provided for him a better course of life. He possessed a true, brave and free soul. He lived through the period of the Commonwealth, and devoted the whole of his time and giant intellect to break the power of oppressors and bid the enslaved go free. His prose writings are among the best treatises on Government, and the most vigorous protest against all kinds of tyranny and wrong. His "Paradise Lost" is the sublimest poem of our language. His views of church government and Christian doctrine kept him separate from church fellowship with all denominations. His life was that of deep reverence towards God, and of faithful discipleship towards Jesus Christ. The first book which engaged his attention every morning was the Bible, after which he engaged in silent meditation and private prayer. His Sundays were wholly devoted to the study of the Bible and theology. For a long series of years it was not well known what were his theological tenets. It was known that he had written a treatise on theology. This was lost for a time in darkest night. In 1823, a paper was found in the State Record Office with the name of Milton upon it. This was reported to the King by the late Sir Robert Peel. The King said, "A work of Milton's must be made public." It was placed in the hands of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and pub-

lished in 1825. The work is an elaborate exposition of religion, and a thorough and scriptural defence of Christian Unitarianism. Milton says, "Though all this be so self-evident as to require no explanation, namely, that the Father alone is a self-existent God, it is wonderful with what futile subtleties, or rather with what juggling artifices, certain individuals have endeavoured to elude or obscure the plain meaning of those passages." "For my own part, I adhere to the Holy Scriptures alone, I follow no other heresy or sect." This, and this alone, led to his defence of the Unitarian doctrine. During the last twenty years of his life he was blind. He said,

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

The morals of Milton were pure, his pious trust was great; his religion fervent. His love of truth, freedom and righteousness, was the predominating element of his life. Towards the end of his days he was often seen seated at his door, near Bunhill Fields, London, dressed in a grey coarse cloth coat, enjoying the warmth of the genial air. A short time before his decease he had been afflicted with the gout. A friend who visited him near the time of his death says he talked sensibly and well, and appeared from his mirth and heartiness to be in good health. Milton knew his end was near, and spoke to his brother about the property he possessed, wishing the whole of it to be given to his wife. It was on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674, nearly 66 years of age, he expired, so gently and so free from pain that his last respiration was unobserved by those around his bed.

MARY CARPENTER.

WE may venture to say that the names of Stephenson and Brunel are not better known among the engineers of the wide world, than the name of Mary Carpenter among the practical philanthropists of our age. There is no good work, no useful agency, to seek and to save the lost, to raise the fallen or to succour the unduly tempted, to which she has not devoted herself with zeal, efficiency and success. It is good for us to survey the labours of those amongst us, moved with the spirit of the great Teacher, in whose hearts the germs of a higher civilization are implanted, and whose willing hands lay the foundation of better institutions, and direct the energy and power of after generations to promote and sustain what becomes the glory of mankind. The spirit of Christ has erected throughout the world those noble and charitable institutions known among us as Hospitals, Charity-schools and Asylums. That spirit has not yet fulfilled its mission; these are but a few of the trophies adapted by intelligence and affection to heal the wounded, instruct the young and comfort the forlorn. As every succeeding age discerns new wants, it is left to the spirit of our religion to do what Christ would have done if he had been among us; and as his power and love adapted themselves to the pressing necessities of his time, so his disciples look about and discover new channels of usefulness, fresh spheres, when old ones are worn out, of perpetuating his spirit, and thus hand down to coming generations another proof of the undying energy of Christian truth and righteousness and the unceasing progress of humanity. We have introduced to our readers Miss Carpenter, who for more than a quarter of a century has been fulfilling a representative character of Christian intelligence and beneficence in the altered circumstances and pressing necessities of the history of our people. One age needs the iconoclast and grim reformer who goes about shaking to the foundation the errors and superstitions of the past; another age needs the revivalist who quickens a nation to spiritual life. Every age has a mission, and we think the Spirit is now saying to the churches that the inlets of vice must be sealed up or closely

watched, and the lowest of the low and the weakest of the weak must have more attention and care than they have had in past ages. Let us now see how distinctly Miss Carpenter has heard this call, and by tracing her mission we hope not a few of our readers may become inspired with the same benevolent spirit, and aid in the good work she is carrying on.

DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

It is a sad and mournful thing to contemplate how many innocent and helpless little ones are left to the care of society. One or both of the parents are gone by death or desertion, and their offspring are left to the temptations of the world. No education, no mother's love or father's pity, a hard cold world, unkind treatment, and soon vicious fascination or a drop of liquid fire is seized upon to satisfy the yearning of the soul for comfort. Our criminal statistics tell a woful tale of parental neglect or of orphanage. We often feel, and so must numbers of our readers feel, what a vacuum there would be in their hearts if no remembrances of a parent's love were there. On this subject of "*Neglected and Destitute Children*," Miss Carpenter has stirred up attention. She said before the Social Science Congress, "These children are *ours*; they cannot help themselves; they form a part of our society; they will become the people of our land; it is not their fault that they exist in this state of degradation; ignorance cannot heal itself. For our own sakes as well as theirs, we ought to take measures to prevent their growing up thus uncared for. If we neglect the duty imposed upon us by our greater privileges and talents, they will unconsciously inflict upon us a dreadful revenge—a constantly increasing supply of pauperism and crime. They are even now doing so. Mackay's powerful poem, "*The souls of the children*," is no exaggeration, no fiction. Hitherto no national effort has been made to rescue the children.

"All refused to listen.

Quoth they—'We bide our time.'
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime.'
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky."

EDUCATION.

One of the most certain remedies for vice and beggary, for crime and pauperism, which are so rampant in our country, is education. The tables of crime and pauperism speak with a trumpet-voice the nation's sin in neglecting to provide for every child a proper education. To stimulate our people to this simple duty, which would prove so great a blessing to millions, no lady has devoted more time and energy than Miss Carpenter. In a former number of our paper we availed ourselves of some of her statistics of the criminal population and their utter ignorance. Major Greig, the chief of police in Liverpool, reports the apprehension there in one year of 25,000 persons without any available education. Some terrible calamity must necessarily befall our commercial prosperity if our busy trading and shopkeeping population do not listen to the appeals constantly made for the better education of the mass of the people. A recent report from a district in Manchester affirms "that only one child in three received the elements of instruction." We can say from some experience in London, that an immense number of children are grown up in utter ignorance of a single word in any book. To this Miss Carpenter replies: "Let us all strive to rescue these children, and have them educated. Each one of these has powers within him given by the Creator, and he is cruelly injured if, in a Christian and civilized country, he is left to grow up to maturity without the power of unfolding his higher nature. Let us all feel the sacred duty of helping those neglected ones. All have immortal souls, and are the children of the same Heavenly Father. All are born free and equal in our land; all may become useful members of the community if properly educated. Let the State no longer leave untouched the plague-spot in our midst, or neglect the thousands who cannot rise unaided, if they would, from the slough of despondency and ignorance which pollutes our country."

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Every Unitarian must reflect with pleasure that a fellow-worshipper, JOHN POUNDS, of Portsmouth, a poor old cobbler, was the first who set about gather-

ing the street arabs together for a little instruction. He is now regarded among all sects as the founder of Ragged Schools. It is with no less satisfaction we think of Miss Carpenter as one of the most active promoters of those schools. In her own city she has been for eighteen years the Corresponding Secretary of the Bristol Ragged School. The school has effected there a large amount of good. The neighbourhood in which it is situated, though bad enough now, is much better than it used to be. Old scholars of this school, who unquestionably would have been destroyed through ignorance and vice, frequently visit the school and express their gratitude for the benefits they have received, and report they are filling respectable and useful positions in society. What a great reward and happiness such cases as these must be for all the patient care and lowly toil of teaching! How different hereafter must be the sentence of the Great Judge of right and wrong on those who year after year toil on to reclaim the erring, and guide up to useful manhood and womanhood the neglected and despised, compared with the tens of thousands who sit in their comfortable homes spending all their leisure time in the excitement of frivolous reading and gay party meetings! Surely those who have received abundance of instruction will be questioned concerning the use they made of this talent.

THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.

It is almost unnecessary to say this movement belongs to the present age, and that the name of Mary Carpenter is everywhere associated with it as one of its zealous and wise promoters. For several years she has been one of the Secretaries of the "Certified Industrial School" at Bristol. The object of this establishment is to receive those who from parental neglect, bad companionship, and a variety of other causes, would probably end their days in vice. In 1863, there were 51 boys in this institution; 46 of them had been under legal detention, and had been sent to this school to receive that instruction and care which saves from a life of crime, disgrace and heavy cost to the country. A large proportion of those who leave the school are reclaimed and become useful citizens.

The moral disease is checked and reformed in its first stages. This is as it ought to be everywhere. Miss Carpenter attends to the best interests of this school, and every Sunday night these 50 boys gather round her and receive a purely religious and unsectarian lesson. This is a living picture of the great Teacher, such as you find in the 15th chapter of Luke. How honourable it would be for our country and well for our people if more of this voluntary aid and care were found in every place! The boys detained appear happy and contented, and they work in cheerful obedience to their Master. One of the most useful treatises of Miss Carpenter is on "The Management of Reformatories and Certified Industrial Schools." She endorses the view of De Metz, "that punishment does not correct unless it is felt to be just by him who endures it; without this, it is the struggle of the strongest against the weakest, and in a condition of struggle no reformation is possible. At the moment of liberty the bad instincts develop themselves anew, with so much more violence as they have been long repressed." Her experience is gathered up from the practical working of Kingswood Reformatory for Boys and Red Lodge Reformatory for Girls; of the former she was co-founder with Russell Scott, Esq., in 1852, and of the latter she has had the sole management for twelve years. The late Lady Byron was a generous supporter of Miss Carpenter's efforts in connection with these schools at Bristol. No words of ours are adequate to convey to our readers the devotion and tenderness by day and night of Miss Carpenter to the inmates, and the valuable control she has gained over them by the purely moral character of her treatment of them. She inspires a family feeling in the Reformatory and fraternal affection among the inmates.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.

We were pleased to observe in one of the numbers of "The Working Man" the successful effort put forth in one of the lowest districts of Bristol to establish a club. Miss Carpenter says,—

"A few zealous persons, who felt strongly the great need, determined to use their best endeavours to accomplish the work of erecting a Workman's Hall

in St. James's Back—plain and as inexpensive as possible, but which should contain good accommodation for simple cooking, a comfortable coffee and reading room, a bagatelle and smoking room, a lecture hall and class room, besides baths, a covered skittle alley, and a gymnasium. The plan did not meet with the sympathy among benevolent persons which had been anticipated, for they did not believe in the possibility of its success. Decent labouring men, they thought, would not go to such a neighbourhood, and the inhabitants were too low to enter such a place. But, nothing daunted, we determined to carry out our scheme; and, legal difficulties being at last overcome, and a sum of money borrowed for the erection of the building, the interest of which would be paid as rent, we commenced.

"Our first months after commencement were not a little discouraging. Before a tone of propriety and good order could be established, the 'roughs' took possession, as it were, of the place, and a reign of disorder was introduced which quite kept away respectable working men. Now, if a visitor goes to our Hall, on any evening, he will find in the reading-room some respectable men occupied with newspapers, while in the opposite room are some rough-looking youths, with others more quiet in deportment, playing at various games, always without gambling, while the window looks out on a long covered skittle-alley. Passing by the window of the kitchen, where refreshments may be obtained, he enters the gymnasium, where wonderful feats are being performed by many young men. On the upper floor some classes are probably going on, or a committee is being held in the library; and in the lecture-hall there may be a penny reading, or a musical entertainment, or a temperance meeting, or on Sunday evenings a religious service."

We have been able to narrate but a few of the plans of usefulness to which Miss Carpenter devotes herself. The education of prisoners and the treatment of our convicts has occupied a large share of her time. Two volumes from her pen on this subject have recently appeared, full of useful hints and information. We may add, she is known

among her friends to possess classical and general attainments far above the average standard of what is called the best education; yet all her time and learning, without fee or reward, are devoted to the poorest of the poor and the most despised and lost of our race. It is in characters like Miss Carpenter we find the power of our religion and an illustration of the nature of Christ's life, which caused an apostle to write of him, "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." A living character is the best exposition of this apparently difficult text.

We cannot conclude this survey of practical philanthropy without noting the painful fact, that of late years there has been some tendency, through the writings of one or two popular authors, to despise the weak and neglected, to scorn and trample upon the poor and fallen. Where this spirit prevails, the name of Howard is handled irreverently, while Frederick the Great is worshiped fervently. The incessant labours of Mary Carpenter will be less esteemed by such hero-worshippers than one day's valour in some worthless exploit, and be the subject of wonder only in circles where selfishness prevails. "Madam," said King George the Third to a lady of his court who was speaking lightly of the moral and religious service of another lady of that day, "if we do not think well to follow in her footsteps, let us not speak lightly of her works, for there is a day coming, the day of judgment, when you and I would think ourselves more secure if we were but permitted to take hold of the skirts of her garment."

MY BOY.

By REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I tread the crowded street:
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair,
And, as he is running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there.
I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold his forehead fair.
My hand that marble felt,
O'er its prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there.

I cannot make him dead,
When passing by his bed,
So long watched over with parental care.
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there.

When at the cool gray break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there.

Not there? Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon the cast-off dress,
Is but the wardrobe locked—HE is not there!

He lives!—in all the past
He lives; nor to the last
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me
THERE!"

Yes, we all live to God:
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is
THERE!

JOHN OAKHEART AND SON.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

JOHN OAKHEART AND SON are Baltic merchants. Young John entered his father's office as a clerk, at sixty pounds a year, of which he paid his mother forty for his board, lodging and washing, and clothed himself with the odd twenty. Do not imagine that Mr. Oakheart's establishment required this assistance. The old gentleman desired to make his son feel independent—he was a man, he earned his own livelihood, and he should feel that he supported himself. At twenty-five years of age, young Oakheart marries, receiving with his wife a moderate sum of money. He wants to purchase a share in his father's business; they cannot come to terms. Young John can make a better bargain with a rival house in the trade. So young John becomes chief partner in a rival firm to that which must one day be his, and trades against the old man, whose only aim is to lay up wealth for his son.

Every day, at four o'clock, leaning against a particular corner on 'Change, stands the elder merchant, his hands deeply sunk into his dog's-eared pockets. A young city man approaches; they exchange a quiet, careless nod:

"Feel inclined to discount for 1200 at long date?"

"What security?" asks old John.

"Turkish, '54."

"Any names?"

"My own only; it is a private matter, and has nothing to do with our house," replied the younger man. "I will give four per cent."

"I should want more than that, as money goes—say 4 5-8."

"The brokers only ask 4 1-2," replies the young man.

"Then give it." And they separate with an indifferent nod. That was the father and son.

Every Sunday young John and his wife dine at Russell Square, in the same house where old Oakheart has lived for thirty years. His name has been cleaned out of the brass plate on the door. This house young John looks upon, and speaks of it, as his home. All the associations of his childhood are there—every piece of furniture is an old friend—every ob-

ject is sacred to his eyes. They form the architecture of that temple of his heart—his home.

After dinner the ladies have retired. The crimson curtains are comfortably closed. The crackling fire glows with satisfaction, and old John pushes the bottle across to his son, for if old John has a weakness, it is for tawney port.

"Jack, my boy," says he, "what do you want with twelve hundred pounds?" "Well, Sir," replies young John, "there is a piece of ground next to my villa at Brixton, and they threaten to build upon it—if so, they will spoil our view. Emily," meaning his wife, "has often begged me to buy it and enclose it in our garden. Next Wednesday is her birthday, and I wish to gratify her with a surprise; but I have reconsidered the matter—I ought not to afford it—so I have given it up."

"Quite right, Jack," responded the old man; "it would have been a piece of extravagance"—and the subject drops.

Next Wednesday being Emily's birthday the old couple dine with the young folks. Just before dinner, old John takes his daughter-in-law aside, and places in her hands a parchment; it is the little plot of ground she coveted. He stops her thanks with a kiss, and hurries away.

Ere the ladies retire, Emily finds time to whisper the secret to her husband. And the father and the son are alone. Watch the old man's eyes fixed on the fire, for he has detected his piece of affectionate treachery, and is almost ashamed of his act, because he does not know how to receive his son's thanks. For a few moments a deep, gentle feeling broods upon the young man's heart; he has no words—it is a prayer syllabled in emotions that make his lips tremble; he lays his hand upon his father's arm, and their eyes meet.

"God bless you, my boy, and make you as happy at my age as I am now." In silence the souls of those men embrace. But who is that seraph that gathers them beneath her outspread angel wings? I have seen her at the fireside fluttering like a dove from bosom to bosom. I have seen her linking distant hearts, parted by the whole world. She is the good genius of the Anglo-Saxon family, and her name is Wife and Home.

FAUSTUS SOCINUS.

By THOMAS BOWRING.

UNITARIANS are not Socinians. They object to the name, because it is of human origin, and still further because it does not properly designate them. They differ in some important particulars from the views held by Socinus, whilst they protest against the persecuting spirit of him after whom they are misnamed. Still they are not ashamed of Socinus as a fellow-believer in the glorious doctrine of the Divine Unity, the absolute oneness of God even the Father, a doctrine which Socinus laboured most successfully to establish, and which must, finally, universally prevail in the world. They know that Socinus was a good and holy man, a man also of great talents and indomitable perseverance; that he made the most costly sacrifices at the shrine of integrity, by faith forsaking Egypt, and maintaining a conscience void of offence. He had, however, some of the infirmities common to men, and he was betrayed into the besetting sin of his age, intolerance; it was a blot on a character otherwise unimpeachable. Few of the Reformers have been more misunderstood or maligned than he. Not one has exceeded him in purity of life and earnestness of purpose; not one has gone beyond him in the knowledge of and veneration for the Holy Scriptures, or investigated them with more piety of feeling, more earnest and humble desire to understand their teachings, that they minister salvation to the soul.

There were two persons of great note in the religious world who bore the name of Socinus. They were near relations, and were descended from a noble Italian family. The elder of these, Lælius Socinus, was a man of great learning and profound scriptural knowledge; he was also fervently pious. Lælius early rejected the dogma of the Trinity, but did not care to make a public avowal of his so-called heresy. Still he was suspected, and fled in consequence to Poland, where he found many persons of his own way of thinking. Here he died in his fortieth year. His nephew, Faustus Socinus, whose life we proceed briefly to narrate, was by far the more celebrated of the two. Faustus may not have had the

great learning of his uncle, but he had greater vigour of mind and determination of spirit. He was born at Siena, where the family appears to have been established for a long period, in the year 1509. He was speedily named a heretic, and when only twenty felt compelled to leave Italy for France, that he might be in comparative safety. He returned after two or three years' absence to Italy, and for a long time subsequently resided at Florence, in the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a patron of learned men. Blandrata, a rich physician of Transylvania, and who had great interest with the reigning sovereign, pressed Socinus to come and make his abode in that country. The avowed design of Blandrata in thus inviting Socinus was for the purpose of confuting Francis David, a pious and venerable man, superintendent of the Transylvanian and Hungarian churches. Blandrata was a Unitarian, and being the favourite medical adviser of the Prince, and also a man of pleasing manners, he had succeeded in creating a favourable impression of Unitarianism in the country. But David, who had been educated a Calvinist, had through study of the Scriptures, and perhaps also conversation with Blandrata, with whom he had been intimate, become a decided Unitarian, going much beyond Blandrata in opinion on our Lord's nature, and absolutely denying that worship was due to him. David appears to have held the doctrine of Christ's simple humanity, and to have followed this doctrine out to its only legitimate conclusion; and hence Blandrata, with the majority of the Polish and Transylvanian Unitarians of that day, judged David guilty of heresy and worthy of punishment by the magistrate. So hard is it for any sect, when in power, to act in the spirit of tolerance! The reputation of Socinus was great, and hence Blandrata judged him to be the fittest to convince David of his errors, or, failing that, to deter others from embracing them. It may be proper to notice here that Socinus, who may be held as the representative man of the Unitarians of the period, whilst believing in the proper humanity of the Lord Jesus, taught also that he ought to be worshipped as a God, though not as the Supreme Jehovah. Prayer, as a matter of course,

must be made to him, and not merely in or through him; and this is the essential difference—a very great and important one, by the way—between Socinus and his followers and Unitarians of modern times, who to a man reject the worship of Christ, agreeably to the express command of their Master, “When ye pray, say, Our Father.” They love and revere and obey him none the less because they bow the knee to the Father alone. But, at the instigation of Blandrata, Socinus lodged for some months with David, and the two eminent scripturists held many conferences on points of doctrine. And this is the most discreditable part of Socinus’ career. He communicated in writing from time to time his conversations with David, thus committing an implied, if not a direct, breach of trust. Blandrata took advantage of all this to denounce David to the Prince, and by his great interest at court he had power to cast poor David into prison, where he died, a martyr truly to the cause of truth. Socinus has been charged with having a direct hand in this very disgraceful transaction. This does not admit of positive proof, as Blandrata conducted the whole affair; but there can be no doubt that mediately he did much to produce the catastrophe; and his name must be added to the melancholy list of those who have, under a fearful mistake, persecuted the disciples of the Lord, thinking all the while they did God service. Saul the Pharisee became Paul the Apostle only through supernatural influences. Socinus had his treasure in an earthen vessel, but very precious notwithstanding was that treasure.

Not long after David was cast into prison, Socinus visited Poland, and found many Unitarians there. But as David was a heretic in Transylvania, so at first was Socinus in Poland. He was, however, a man of indomitable energy, and by his perseverance he brought over numbers to more favourable views of himself and his doctrine. He subsequently formed his converts into churches, and gave them a plan of discipline. He married the daughter of a wealthy and influential Polish noble who had protected him. His interest was thus considerably strengthened. Socinus returned to Cracow, which place he had left on account

of the decided opposition he at first experienced. Here he lived for many years in great credit, having troops of affectionate friends at his side; for he appears to have had the power, in common with many other extraordinary persons, of attracting and winning affection. Still he was on one occasion the subject of mob violence. He had published a book on the Saviourship of Christ, reverentially written, as were all his works; but the doctrines therein maintained were not popular. His house was forcibly entered, his goods were spoiled, his books and papers destroyed, and himself made the object of personal ill treatment. Though ill and in bed at the time, the ferocious people tore him from his chamber, and hauled him, half dressed, over the rough pavement of the streets in brutal triumph. No wonder that after this act of wickedness Socinus left Cracow for ever. He retired to a small place in the vicinity, and there died, with the peace of God in his heart, some six years afterward, in 1604.

Socinus was a considerable writer. All his publications were in defence of his principles, which he well understood and admirably defended. They manifest also pure and ardent piety, with the most exalted morality, founded on genuine gospel maxims. The *Racovian Catechism*, which contains an exposition of the doctrines he taught, was published some years after his death by two of his attached friends. It is called the *Racovian Catechism* because it was printed at Racow, 1605; but the title-page gives “*Staupopolis*,” the City of the Cross, evidently to conceal its true origin. It was written in the Polish language, was subsequently translated into Latin and also German. It first appeared in English, 1651, and Dr. Rees, the learned modern editor of the *Catechism*, informs us that “in the year following this book attracted the notice of the British Parliament, who, the 2nd of April, 1652, passed a resolution requiring the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex to seize all the copies of the *Catechism* and cause them to be burnt at the London Exchange and at Palace Yard, Westminster, on the 6th and 8th of the same month.” Yet it is a very admirable work, full of sound scriptural doctrine and of incentives to a

holy and virtuous life. No one can read it without improvement and the sincerest respect for the compiler.

Such was Socinus, a man of whom any sect might be justly proud—of a pure and consistent life, and who lived ever remembering the great truth, “Thou, God, seest me”—a man who did with his might whatsoever his hand found to do, and who studied to adorn the doctrine in all things—a man, nevertheless, with human infirmities, and who occasionally betrayed these infirmities—yet a man of no ordinary powers, which he rigidly consecrated to God’s worship and service—who endured hardness as a soldier of Christ, and who must receive the faithful servant’s reward, and thus enter into the joy of his Lord.

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. T. STARR KING.

THE most prominent argument for the *truth* of Christianity, the most prominent argument for its *perpetuity*, is the practical one, what it has done, what it is doing for man. There are those who sometimes talk as though Christianity was dying out, will soon die out as a force in the world. But the simple question with regard to its existence as a power in society is this—Shall the world go back? shall civilization lose what it has gained? shall the ideal of character which Christianity has painted before the human conscience fade, or be scouted away? Does progress lie in the direction of barbarism? Is the world to reach to such a state of advancement that selfishness will be found better than disinterestedness, and love meaner than revenge, and sin more comfortable than redemption from sin, and the idea of a parental Providence less elevating than the conception of a stern necessity or senseless chance? Let no Christian be disturbed by the fear that the gospel will perish, until he has concluded that the good is ephemeral and doomed to die. “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.” Find anything better than the religion of Christ, a system better adapted to human wants, a system which contains

truths and laws to which the spiritual instincts of the purest minds are readily attracted—in a word, a system that can educate character to a higher type than that of the Gospel, and though it come from a wild negro tribe in Africa, though it be found scratched on bark among the savages of Patagonia, we ought to take it, take it as a divine revelation, and let Christianity pass into the background as a religion of the past. If the Mormons can point to it, I will gladly be a Mormon; if the Turks can shew it, I will be a Mahomedan; if the Brahmins can produce it, I will exchange the New Testament for the Vedas. No historical evidence can stand before the disproof of a higher spiritual thought. The discovery of such a system would demonstrate the fact that Christ, like Moses, is not the religious teacher for eternity. Any man is justified in abandoning Christianity when he has found something purer and higher, and not till then. The Church has the right to hold every sceptic to this problem—Produce your truth, your morality, your type of character, that shall be seen to be higher than Christianity, that we too may have it; or accept Christianity, because of your inability to conceive the possibility of doing it.

Let this proof of the gospel be deeply impressed upon our minds. In the world that God governs, what is highest must be truest; what will open the eyes more powerfully than any other influence, what will quicken the conscience more thoroughly than anything else, what will best cheer the heart, what will most inspire the affections, what will fill the soul with holy light, cannot but be as true and permanent as the eternal throne.

And so every benefit which the gospel has conferred upon society, every element of life it has infused into civilization; every great disinterested character it has produced, every noble institution it has projected, is a brilliant evidence of its reality and strength.

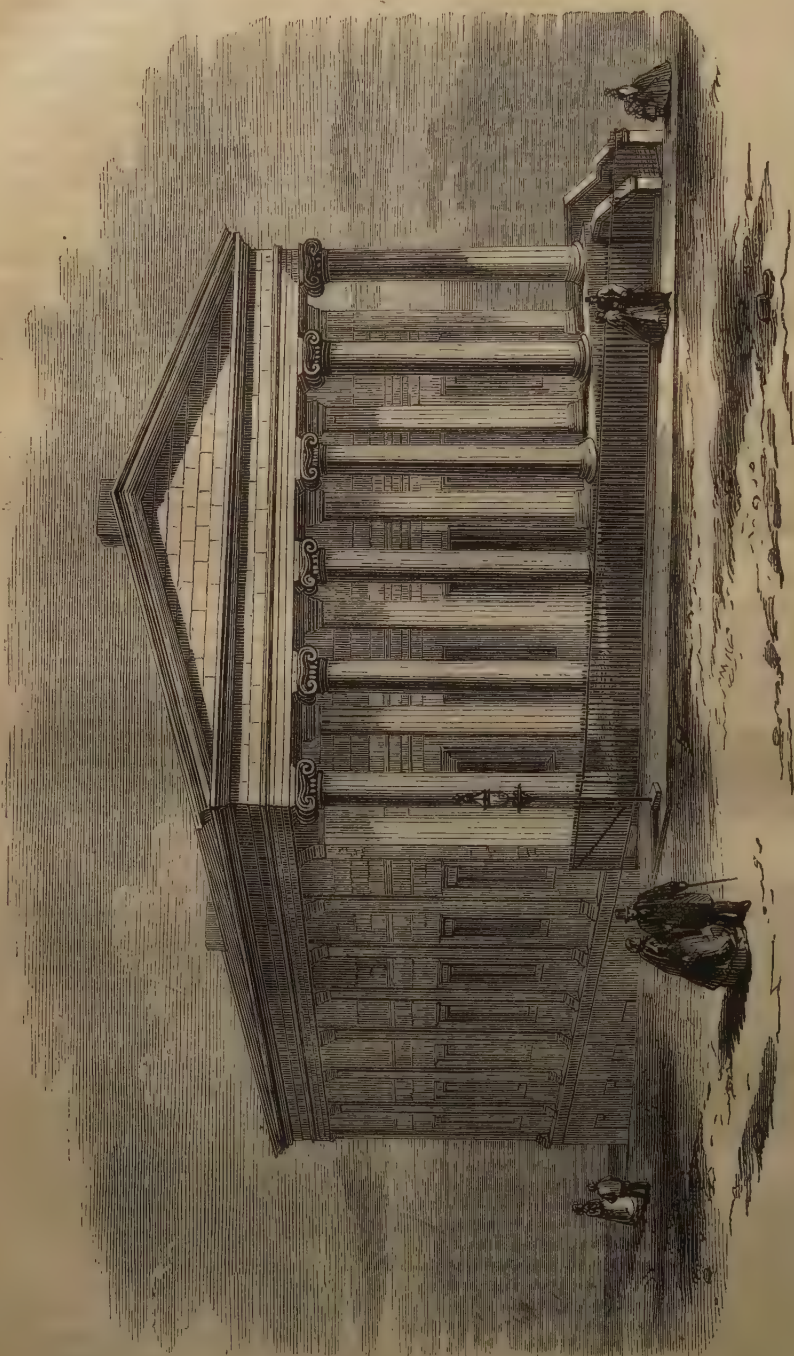
In exchange for sages like Socrates, it has given to humanity sages like St. Bernard; for teachers like Pythagoras, teachers like Oberlin; for heroes like Alexander, heroes like Howard; for the victories of Cæsar, the victories of Father Mathew; for speculators like Plato,

missionaries like Paul. All that is purest and most refined in our art and our eloquence, all that is most cheering and elevating in our literature, all that is most stable and comforting in our philosophy, all that is most praiseworthy and beneficial in our society—the church, the school, the ministry for the poor, the missionary post, the abolition movement, the temperance pledge, the asylum, the hospital, the charitable sewing circle, the hundred-handed methods of modern beneficence—are blessings we have derived from Christianity in exchange for evils that once existed in their stead. Humanity, once poor, blind and scorned, slowly for centuries has raised itself from the dust, quickened by the words of Christ; and now as light is breaking upon its brain, as new hopes and a new existence begin to gleam before it, we hear it uttering its sweet and earnest plea against scepticism, “Why herein is a marvellous thing that ye know not whence this Jesus is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes.”

The historical evidence for the gospel is strong, but it is hid in dusty books and ancient parchments, and besides it is not applicable to the whole of Christianity. How much more cheering and inspiring is the proof that is based on the essential divinity of perfect goodness, on the regenerating influence that has been poured into the heart of society from recording the life and character of Jesus, on the fact that the most cultivated soul bows more reverently to his reported precepts, and can catch no glimpse of spiritual truth that is higher than his words! Can it be that such a record is a fiction? that what has been the source of all our great and substantial blessings is itself unreal, a forgery or a dream? My friends, even if we could be convinced that it is so, if the four biographies of the Saviour should ever be shewn to be four variations of a delightful fable; if it should be proved that the Christ we seem to see, in the misty distance of centuries, walking among the poor, shedding new light even from his garment's hem into paralytic souls, speaking of the Father's mercy, and fanning the spark of love in human hearts, is an optical illusion; if the story of the crucifixion, of the thorn-crown worn so patiently, of the

dying eyes upturned in trust, and the lips parted by a forgiving prayer, be no more real than a vision before some ancient poet's eye,—still in the name of goodness and of conscience let us cling to it as the best thing, and therefore the truest which the universe contains, as the ideal of human duty, as a myth which must have its counterpart of reality in some portion of God's realm; or if we reject it and say that it is false and useless, let us abandon religion with it, and give up our belief in God. For there can be no atheism more chilling than that which permits a man to say that the *good* is not *truth*.

The splendid and convincing proof of the gospel is the practical proof—*our need* of it and its adaptedness to deepest need,—the testimony that comes from the great nature of all sects and nations and times, whose hearts it has mellowed and whose minds it has blessed,—the testimony of martyrs who have died for it as their most precious treasure, the testimony from the breasts where it has kindled the flame of prayer, from the affections it has supported in times of sorrow, from the graves which faith has covered with roses and symbolical evergreen. No soul that has ever been uplifted by its spirit has doubted of its truth. What, then, is the extent of our belief in Christianity? This question is equivalent to the inquiry, How deeply are our hearts influenced by the spirit of the gospel? If we have its life within us, we shall feel conscious of its truth; and just in proportion to our inspiration of its life will be the depth of our faith. Faith in Christ—how much meaning is hidden in that phrase! It implies a heart baptized in the spirit of the gospel, a will faithful to its laws, a soul filled with the peace of fellowship with the Redeemer. Every disinterested act we do from the impulse of its law, every prayer we offer to the Father it reveals, every pure emotion we cherish from love of its great Teacher, will strengthen our conviction of its reality and worth. Without the spirit of it within, the greatest among us are blind. Happy is each one of us who can offer this proof of Christ's divinity—“He hath opened mine eyes.”



GLASGOW UNITARIAN CHURCH.

GLASGOW UNITARIAN CHURCH, ST. VINCENT STREET.

THE present beautiful temple of worship and religious instruction occupied by our brethren in Glasgow, was opened by services conducted by the Rev. James Martineau and the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, on April 13, 1856. The building is regarded as one of the finest of classical architecture in the west end of that city. It is about 100 feet long by 48 feet wide, with a splendid portico, after the example of the aqueduct of Adrian at Athens. There are no side windows, the building being lighted entirely from a cupola conformed to the lines of the roof. The interior is in perfect harmony with the style of the exterior, and the effect is all the more imposing that there are no galleries. There is no pulpit, but at the south end of the building, formed in the shape of an apse, there is a platform, and above it a commodious organ-gallery, 26 feet by 20, for a full choir. Adjoining there are apartments for the minister, a ladies' room, and other modern conveniences. The accommodation in the church is for about 600; instead of pews there are seats with open backs. Below the church is a basement of 18 feet in height, which adds materially to the effect of the whole structure, as well as the good account it may be turned to as a school-room or public hall. The whole building, we believe, is free from debt.

It is now a little over half a century, 1810, since the first Unitarian congregation was formed in Glasgow. The friends held their first meetings in the Trades' Hall, from which they removed to Provan's Hall, and soon afterwards, 1812, they entered into possession of their first erected church in Union Street, under the pastorate of Rev. Jas. Yates, M.A., who conducted with so much ability the Unitarian argument in what was called the "Socinian Controversy" with Dr. Wardlaw. Mr. Yates's "Vindication of Unitarianism" is one of the ablest expositions and defence of our cause we ever read. At the opening of the church in Union Street, 1812, Mr. Yates stated our grounds of Dissent to be "the free and unbiassed use of the understanding on religious subjects. To assert this we quit the Church established by law and the other

sects of Dissenters. On the same ground on which the magnanimous band of Reformers abjured the thralldom of Popery, we quit the communion of orthodox churches. On this spot we seek an asylum where we may freely and vigorously employ our intellectual powers in the most interesting and sublime investigations. Another great and distinguishing principle which we here assemble to maintain is, that we ought to offer prayer and adoration to God the Father only. We regard holiness of heart and excellence of conduct as the only means of obtaining salvation. We esteem it not a disadvantage, but a distinguishing ornament and glory, that our system requires nothing of its professors but to be kind, devout and blameless, and to aim at the best possible improvement of their talents and capacities; that it leads them to be solicitous about nothing else so much as their advancement in virtue; and teaches them that however a brother may err in speculation, yet if his practice be good, if his charity be warm, his piety unaffected and his integrity unshaken, he deserves to be commended, loved and honoured."—The foreman carpenter of the building of the church in 1812 was refused baptism for his child because he had worked at so unholy a building, and he had to submit to a rebuke before the assembled congregation before he was again admitted into church privileges. We do not think anything of this kind could occur in the erection of the second building in 1856; so Glasgow has improved in forty years.

Mr. Yates left Glasgow in 1816, and was succeeded by the Rev. B. Mardon, who resigned in 1824. The Rev. George Harris, in the full vigour of his manhood and the plenitude of his eloquence, followed Mr. Mardon in 1825, and gave a severe shock to the Trinitarianism of Scotland. Mr. Harris was succeeded by the Rev. John Taylor, 1841, who in turn was followed by the Rev. John Boucher. In 1847, the Rev. Charles Clarke, now of Birmingham, entered upon the duties of the church, and was the means of a large amount of success. During the past fourteen years, the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, one of our most able and worthy ministers, has been pastor of the Glasgow church.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

VITAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

A REPRESENTATIVE form of government imposes a duty as well as a privilege, and one of the duties of a free people is to observe, collect and arrange facts which may be made the basis of a request to the Government to alter or abolish any law opposed to the public good. We are glad the agitation against capital punishment has at last moved the rulers of our country to give a hope, as expressed in the "Queen's Speech," that some alteration will soon be made in the matter of public executions. For many years some of the ancient sports of the people have been abolished; they are not permitted either in public or private because of their demoralizing effect. The time is come when we may fairly request the abolition of death punishment, for the same reason that cock-fighting, man-fighting and bull-baiting were made illegal—the brutalizing effect on the public mind. Some of our best writers have spent a night among the crowds gathered to witness executions, and their decided opinion is that the scene and all its accompaniments are very demoralizing. Another remarkable fact has been ascertained, that the great majority of murderers are those who have been witnesses of public executions. Dr. Lyford, of Brighton, who was for a long period the medical officer of Winchester gaol, states that of 40 executed there, 38 of them had been accustomed to attend executions; and the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol gaol, said that out of 167 criminals he attended under sentence of death, 164 had been present at public executions. And others have acknowledged, under sentence of death, their first strong impulse to a criminal life was experienced at the foot of the gallows. The "Times" reporter described the scene at the execution of Müller in the following words: "From Sunday evening till 3 o'clock on Monday morning it was one long revelry of songs and laughter, shouting and often quarrelling. ** Worse in conduct it could not be. *** None but those who looked down upon the awful crowd of yesterday will ever believe in the wholesale, open, broadcast manner in which garotting and highway

robbery were carried on. *** After Müller had been turned off, for five or ten minutes the crowd, who knew nothing of his confession, were awed and stilled. *** The impression, however, if any real impression it was, beyond that of mere curiosity, did not last long; and, before the slight, slow vibrations of the body had well ended, robbery and violence, loud laughing, oaths, fighting, obscene conduct and still more filthy language reigned round the gallows far and near."

During the last 100 years there has been a general movement throughout the world to reduce death punishment, and it is an interesting and instructive fact that there has been a decrease of crime in those countries where the Government has abolished executions and substituted some other punishment. Tuscany deserves the first mention. The Grand Duke abolished death punishment, and some time after said, "With the utmost satisfaction to our paternal feelings, we have at length perceived that the mitigation of punishment, joined to a most scrupulous attention to prevent crimes and also a great despatch in the trials, together with a certainty of punishment to real delinquents, has, instead of increasing the number of crimes, considerably diminished that of smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare." It is also a remarkable thing that of Rome, where the manners, religion and principles of the people are much the same as in Tuscany, Franklin remarked, "In Tuscany, where murder was not punished with death, only 5 murders had been committed in twenty years; while in Rome, where that punishment had been inflicted with great pomp and parade, 60 murders were committed in three months." We are justified, in view of this, in saying that in Italy at least, where the experiment has been tried nearly 100 years, of two neighbouring states we would feel our lives more safe where death punishment is not inflicted than where it is.

During the memory of many of our readers, the crimes of cattle-stealing, horse and sheep-stealing, forgery, robbery, &c., were frequently punished with death. From 1810 to 1835, about 1400 persons in our country suffered death for crimes now expiated by confinement.

In 1797, a Bill was passed enabling the Bank of England to issue notes under the value of £5. The forgery of these notes was of course a capital offence. From that fatal date, in eight years, 146 persons, of both sexes, were hanged for the forgery of Bank-notes alone: taking a single year (1809), in a single county (Lancaster) no less than thirteen executions for forgery of Bank-notes. In 1829, execution for forgery was repealed. In the three previous years to its repeal, 213 persons were committed for forgery and 15 put to death; the three years following the repeal of death punishment the crime decreased from 213 to 180 cases. In 1820, death punishment was abolished for cattle-stealing. The three years previous to its repeal, 113 were committed and 3 executed; the three years after its repeal the commitments were reduced from 113 to 67. In 1829 and the two previous years, 590 persons were committed for horse-stealing, 22 were executed; during the first three years of the repeal of death punishment there were 24 less commitments. In short, during the three last years of the reign of capital punishment for crimes now punished with imprisonment, there were 7497 persons in those three years committed and 114 executed; during the first three years of the repeal of the gallows, for those very crimes the commitments were less,—7497 were reduced to 6620, or 877 less commitments. There is another reflection we may safely add to the foregoing facts, that on the repeal of death punishment for those offences we may assume the decrease of crime must have been very great, for thousands of persons clearly convicted of criminal practices by neighbours and friends were never placed before the court owing to the severity of the punishment. "I should say (states Mr. Samuel Hoare, a London banker), that not one in twenty forgeries is prosecuted." Another eminent capitalist, Mr. Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, stated that he had no doubt the punishment of death had a tendency to prevent prosecutions, and that evidence might be adduced to that effect "in hundreds of instances." Yet with the much greater willingness of the public to prosecute, after the repeal of death punishment, we find in London and Middlesex alone there

were under the old law 960 committed and 52 executed in 1830 and the two previous years, whereas during the first three years of the new law with no executions, instead of 960 the commitments were reduced to 823. We have shewn that life is safer under the more humane law of punishment, and the above facts testify that property is, as well, much safer. Under a milder law the certainty of conviction is greatly increased, and it is now a universally accepted adage, "The certainty more than the severity of punishment deters from crime." It is a matter worthy of grave consideration, not only the abolition of public executions, but of death punishment altogether, when we are certified of the fact that at present of 198 persons committed in three years for murder (29 of these were declared insane, leaving 169), of these 39 were convicted, while 130, from the great unwillingness of juries to convict, were turned upon society. But for the punishment of death, from the average of convictions in other crimes, 129, instead of 39, of them would have sacrificed their right to be any longer at large. There is not only this plea of public safety, decency and morality for the abolition of death punishment, but also the immense cost the country often entails to procure a conviction. The trial of Palmer cost the country £10,000. It was the gallows that cost this; but for it a few pounds would have sufficed to have convicted him. We must not relax our efforts to bring this method of dealing with criminals to a perpetual end. Private executions will lessen some of the evils; we must not rest till the gallows-tree is no more.

Mr. W. Tallack reports "that the death penalty has been entirely discontinued in Tuscany, Portugal, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Nassau, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bremen, Venezuela, the Swiss Cantons of Freiburg and Neuchâtel, and in certain of the United States, as Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Michigan; while the extreme penalty is now seldom, if ever, carried into execution in Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, Maine, Brunswick, and the Cantons of Zurich and Glarus. Belgium has recently re-adopted its former system of a virtual suspension of capital punishment. Throughout the vast Rus-

sian empire, the death penalty has long been abolished for murder and for non-political crimes. Russia has further discontinued the cruel punishment of the knout. No execution has taken place in Portugal for nineteen years; in Michigan for twenty years; in the Cantons of Freiburg and Neuchâtel for thirty-four years; or in Tuscany for thirty-five years. In the latter country capital punishment was virtually abolished in 1774, and still stands legally abolished in 1866."

We rejoice to learn from the same source, that throughout the civilized world there is a general feeling of uneasiness about executions. More enlightened, humane and Christian influences are operating on the minds of statesmen. The French people find that the diminution of capital punishment during the last thirty years has not caused an increase, but a decrease, of crime. In Russia they testify from 100 years' experience they are satisfied it is better for all parties to transport than to put to death murderers; that their murderers often become reformed characters. The Prussian government has greatly reduced its number of executions by an alteration of the law. During the last five years 13 persons were executed, and in the previous five years 102. The crime of murder has decreased as well as the severity of the punishment. A similar result has been obtained in Belgium. Of Switzerland we can say there has been no execution in Freiburg and Neuchâtel during the last thirty-five years. The formal abolition of the capital penalty by statute did not take place till after fifteen years' trial of the discontinuance. In Canton Glarus there has been no execution since 1836, and an official report states, "It is so far certain that serious crimes, such as murder, robbery, incendiarism, rape and infanticide, are of rare occurrence in this Canton, and that, at all events, the mitigated spirit which has obtained in our laws has not had any perceptible results as regards encouragement to or increase of the criminal class." In Portugal, capital punishment has been virtually abolished with good effect for twenty years. Crime has much decreased during the same period—homicidal crime 50 per cent. In Sweden, about 90 per

cent. of the capital convictions have been commuted to imprisonment during the past few years, and murder has decreased considerably. The various states of Germany which have for many years abolished death punishment are quite satisfied with the result. In nineteen of the states of North America the executions are private. In Maine there has been no execution for upwards of thirty years. For fourteen years the death penalty has been abolished in the state of Rhode Island. At the time when the law was passed there were six indictments for murder before the courts: some time ago we learned that there never had been more than one since. In the state of Michigan, death punishment has been abolished since 1847. The public opinion sustains the present law. In Wisconsin, since the abolition of capital punishment in 1853, the people declare they feel themselves equally secure without the gallows. It must be, even in our own country, to philanthropists, a source of hope and thankfulness to find that the Royal Commission recommends important changes, such as may probably make a decrease of 50 per cent. of the executions of murderers in our land, and that after the present session no more public exhibitions of the scaffold are likely to be seen. The following are a few of those who personally testified before the Royal Commission against capital punishment: Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P., Q.C.; the Hon. George Denman, Q.C.; Lord Hobart; Rev. Lord Sydney G. Osborne; the Attorney-General for Ireland (Right Hon. J. A. Lawson); Mr. Serjeant Parry; Mr. ex-Sheriff Nissen; Professor Leone Levi; the Chaplains of Horsemonger Lane and Bath Gaols (Rev. Messrs. Jessop and W. C. Osborne); the Governor of Gloucester Gaol (Captain Cartwright); the ex-Governor of Oxford Gaol (Colonel Stace), &c. &c. We cannot better conclude than in the words of one who is worthy of being heard on any grave question of national policy, the present Premier, Earl Russell, who expressed himself, in 1865, in the following language:

"For my own part I do not doubt for a moment either the right of a community to inflict the punishment of death, or the expediency of exercising that

right in certain states of society. But when I turn from that abstract right and that abstract expediency to our own state of society—when I consider how difficult it is for any judge to separate the case which requires inflexible justice from that which admits the force of mitigating circumstances—how invidious the task of the Secretary of State in dispensing the mercy of the Crown—how critical the comments made by the public—how soon the object of general horror becomes the theme of sympathy and pity—how narrow and how limited the examples given by this condign and awful punishment—how brutal the scene of execution—I come to the conclusion that nothing would be lost to justice, nothing lost in the preservation of innocent life, if the punishment of death were altogether abolished.

“In that case a sentence of a long term of separate confinement, followed by another term of hard labour and hard fare, would cease to be considered as an extension of mercy. If the sentence of the judge were to that effect, there would scarcely ever be a petition for remission of punishment, in cases of murder, sent to the Home-office. The guilty, unpitied, would have time and opportunity to turn repentant to the Throne of Mercy.”

THE BLACK SERVANT.

JOHN HACKET was born in Jamaica, of free parents, and when engaged by Dr. Robert Cappe at Liverpool was about twenty-three years old. Dr. C. sailed from Liverpool for Leghorn, accompanied by two sisters and the black servant. The fatigue and inconveniences of the voyage, however, rapidly increased Dr. Cappe's illness, and the life he had sought to prolong through the coming winter in Italy was brought to a close as the vessel reached a point in the Mediterranean between Minorca and Corsica. Throughout these afflictions John's services were found invaluable, and were highly appreciated by the invalid, who entreated his sisters to remember how much he had been solaced by the kind and faithful black.

In Italy and on the return voyage to England in the winter season, the sorrowing sisters found John Hacket a never-

failing friend. When in imminent danger of shipwreck, though a good swimmer, he resolved to remain “with his ladies, because he could save only one, and knew not which to take.” He was skilful as a sailor, and on the return voyage, having few sailors on board, and most of them profligate and ignorant, his assistance was always called for on any emergency.” Mrs. Cappe, in her narrative, remarks that at other times he did not make them his companions, but employed his leisure in reading the Bible and learning to write. One of the ladies set him some copies while in Italy, and with assistance from both he made rapid progress, as in everything else that he undertook.

On reaching England he would gladly have attended them to York and continued in the family. Mrs. Cappe expresses regret that her income would not allow her to engage him on the terms that he so well deserved. He was recommended by a friend of his late master's to a family near Liverpool. In this service he died about two years afterwards, notwithstanding the greatest care and the most judicious medical treatment—removed to the land where his black hue, his woolly hair, would be no specific degradation; where he would take his place with those who had equalled him in piety and virtue.

God gave to Afric's sons

A brow of sable dye,

And spread the country of their birth

Beneath a burning sky;

And then a cheek of olive, made

The little Hindoo child,

And darkly stained the forest tribes

That roam our western wild.

To me he gave a form

Of rather whiter clay;

But am I, therefore, in his sight

Respected more than they?

No!—'Tis the hue of deeds and thoughts

He traces in his book;

'Tis the complexion of the heart

On which He deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek,

That fades away so fast,

But by the colour of the soul,

We shall be judged at last.

The righteous Judge will look on me

With sorrow in his eyes,

If I my brother's darker brow

Should ever dare despise.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind and mud!

"John, it is a very unpleasant morning; you must wrap up well, and take care of yourself."

"Oh, never fear for me; I shall put on water-proof and thick boots, and trudge through it; if Saturdays will be wet, there is nothing for us but to put up with them."

Sunday.—Snow, rain, wind and mud!

"John, it is a very unpleasant morning again; I suppose you will not venture out this morning."

"No; I don't think it would be right. It is such catch-cold weather, really, one needs to take care of one's self, and it would be wrong to brave such a morning."

Saturday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."

"O, no, nothing to speak of. Besides, we must not give way to it; I have a busy day. There will be a good market, and I must make the most of it."

Sunday.—"You look very tired this morning, John."

"Yes, I am tired. I shall rest to-day, I think, instead of going to church. A nap on the sofa will do me good."

Saturday.—"O Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to come so late! But here's a gentleman wants to give you an order. You're tired to-night, I dare say, but—"

"O, not at all, not at all. I'll be with you in a minute. O, no, never felt less tired. Certainly, most happy to come."

Sunday.—"O, Mr. Smith, sorry to disturb you; but we are very much in want of a teacher this afternoon. Could you oblige us?"
it is in a good cause."

"Well, really, no, I cannot; I am thoroughly tired out. You must try and find some one who is not so much engaged during the week."

Saturday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a meeting of townsmen to-night, to talk over some improvements; the mayor hopes you will be there."

"Thank you; yes. I shall be happy to attend, though it is my busy evening."

Sunday.—"Mr. Smith, there is a prayer meeting to-night; shall we have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Thank you, no. I shall be unable to attend."—*Christian World.*

A LAY SERMON.

"For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy upon all."
(ROMANS xi. 32.)

WE meet here as Unitarians; but we also meet, and, I should hope, in a yet higher degree, as lovers of truth; and, in the spirit of this sentiment, I submit that there is a degree of truth in the orthodox doctrine of original sin. For how certain is it that we often meet, not only with individuals, but whole nations, who confound all our calculations by the low moral condition in which we find them! The very instinct of right and wrong seems to be wanting in them. Try as we may to explain such cases, we have at length no choice but to say the type is bad, radically bad.

But in the sense of derived depravity, there can be no doubt of the truth of the doctrine. For how certain, awfully certain, is it that there is such a thing as sinful tendencies by hereditary transmission, the same depraved tastes appearing in successive generations of the same family! This is an awful truth, and may well admonish us what "sort of persons we ought to be."

This law, however, only partially explains the cases to which I have referred. Or how comes it that in members of the same family we meet with the evident contrasts of moral temperament? There is no gainsaying the fact, I fear, that some individuals are born into the world with a proneness to evil for which no solution is at hand.

But now, in saying this much in favour of the doctrine, I seem to myself to have said all I can say. For, let me ask, is there no difference between a case of this kind here and there (which, after all, may only be an illustration in some dim way of the known and admitted law of depravity by natural transmission)—is there no difference, I ask, between a case of this kind here and there, and the whole race born into this condition? Because a moral blot of this kind, incalculable and confounding, appears here and there in society, am I to believe in a huge blot extended over the whole surface? Because I cannot deny that natural depravity is true of this man and that, am I to believe it is true of every man? Why, it is staggering enough to one's faith in

a pure and holy God to be forced to believe in a solitary case of the kind, and am I expected to relinquish all my faith in Him? For that, I must insist upon, is the one dread alternative; for if you tell me that His own arrangements are defective, that what comes direct and fresh from His hands is tainted with impurity, whither shall I turn for proofs of His absolute goodness and unsullied purity? It is not, we must recollect, defectiveness and corruption in any inferior creature of God we are now talking about, but in man, His masterpiece, the lord of the creation, the standing test of the Creator's goodness; and when *he* comes stained and corrupt from his Maker's hands, I ask again, where shall I look for proof that God is pure and holy as He is said to be? Can a sweet fountain send forth bitter waters? Can a good tree bring forth corrupt fruit? It is true, we are told of a fatal intervention at the beginning of the Evil One in the affairs of the race, of which this terrible propensity to sin is the disastrous result; but, I ask again, what becomes of the good and holy God in this early and complete marring of His best work? Is it possible to conceive of God suffering man, made for His praise, to pass in this manner under the thralls of the Evil One? But although it should be so, yet this I must contend for, that nothing in the world will ever invalidate this argument for the unsophisticated and common nature—"God made me, and I must therefore have been at the time, in my measure, good and perfect;" or if the argument should ever be invalidated for that nature, it can only be by the utter confounding of all its faith in His blessed name. And really it strikes me as a strange thing, that while our orthodox friends insist upon it as the very first of truths that God *made* us, they should insist just as strenuously that the Devil at the same instant utterly *unmade* us. No; there can be no sincere belief in original sin as commonly taught, without an utter denial of the very perfections of the Godhead itself.

But the advocates of original sin not only impute sin by nature to man, but guilt and condemnation as well. Now if it be a trial to our faith to believe that God made anything corrupt, it is a still

greater trial to be told He is unjust as well. Guilt is there, where there is no freedom of choice! Guilt of nature, where there is no choice of nature! Impossible, except at the cost of the clearest principles of reason and justice. All possible belief in a just and good God must vanish before such portentous injustice.

But as if this were not enough, and as if there were a strange fascination about the idea, instead of its curdling the very blood with horror—I say, as if this were not enough, some of our orthodox friends tell us of a *total* depravity of nature, of a corruption which knows no bounds. Man by nature *totally* corrupt, is he? Then where is the propriety of talking about a further depravity arising from wilful act? To speak of a man being totally depraved, is to say he has already reached the lowest depths of moral depravation; yet we are all accustomed to mark off successive stages of declension, rejecting entirely the idea of the lowest depth being already attained; and I ask, where is the propriety of this? *Is* man totally depraved? Then is it all a mistake, shared in by all of us, to suppose that this fair world does afford kindly shelter for some few of the private and social virtues? That noble thought, as we deemed it—was it, in fact, an ignoble one? And that deed which we all admired—were we quite wrong in admiring it? What! does no sweet-smelling incense rise to heaven from earth's vast plains, and is it all only a foul and noxious vapour? This goodly world, not without, as we supposed, many a goodly flower of human virtue—is it, in truth, only a vast dreary moral waste and desolation? And this doctrine of the total depravity of our natures—must we take it even to our relatives and best friends, and say, You too are totally depraved? This, to our mothers and fathers, our wives and sisters? God in heaven forbid! But are we totally depraved by nature? Why, there are some of us, none too confident of the strength of our personal wills, who think that, if we may hope we have any virtue at all, it all dates from an original and native source. But, again I ask, are we totally depraved? Then who can say what he is, or what he is not? for surely the very standard of judgment must be obliterated by the awful fact. A man totally depraved

from his very birth! Why, what perception can he have of the rule of truth and duty; or, if he thinks he has, on what ground can his confidence rest? And how can it ever be otherwise? For here is a deadly poison which was infused into our whole nature, root and branch, from the very beginning of our conscious existence; and how can we know what moral health is, or when we are experiencing, by God's mercy, a restoration to it—how can we be sure that it is not only another form of our terrible disorder? People talk of the "assurance of faith;" but I ask how they can tell, in the confessedly diseased state of their whole moral nature, that it is not their own corrupt hearts that are still and again deceiving them? If, by an ineradicable perversity of nature, mind, heart and conscience are all bent upon deceiving a man, what possible guarantee can he have of the justness of his impressions at any time of his life? It is true we are told of a "new nature;" but I ask again how we can be sure, in the totally depraved state of our original one, that this new nature is any more reliable than the other? Such a nature there may indeed be; but no well-grounded confidence can any man put in it who believes in the totally depraved condition of his former one, he himself having cut the link by his own act. I protest I see no way out of this dilemma.

And yet one word more about this doctrine of original sin. Adam, we are told, sinned, and thereby communicated the deadly taint of a sinful nature to all his posterity. But if Adam did sustain this sort of relation to the race, I ask how it is we do not hear of transmitted goodness as well as transmitted sinfulness? Surely we are taking only a partial view of the law of the case as seen in actual life, if we talk of men only transmitting their vices to posterity, for it is quite certain that they transmit their virtues as well. When, therefore, I am told of Adam by his one sin infecting with a moral *virus* his whole posterity, I claim the right to ask, what became of his many virtues, which undoubtedly survived his unhappy fall? People talk about *original sin*: it seems to me that I have as good a right to talk about *original goodness*; for far from us

be the abhorrent thought that only vice has a contagious influence, and that the only productive thing in the world is sin.

But now consider for a moment the frightful picture of the world of humanity that is held up to our view in this doctrine of original sin. We have to predicate sin, guilt and condemnation of the whole human family; and I ask if anything can equal the grim terribleness of such a picture? God's last, best work fatally marred—all else fresh and beautiful and good as at the very beginning—man only marred and spoiled—is it not terrible to think of? Well might believers in this awful dogma compass sea and land to make one proselyte; but let me say that did they themselves realize the condition of man of which they speak, their own hearts would break in making the announcement. Tell us of men being the prey of famine, of pestilence and the sword! Why there is no fact of human life so awful and so heart-crushing, or which might lead us so to doubt God's good providence, as this one of men everywhere, and without any exception, being under the Divine displeasure and curse.

So, I say, we cannot receive this doctrine of original sin. Take it how we may, it is alike dishonouring to God, mounting up into blackest blasphemy, and unjust and injurious to man. No; we cannot consent to invoke so dismal a shade over the Divine perfections and over man's existence. So, I say, we cannot receive this doctrine of original sin.

But now, in denying sinfulness of nature, do we therefore doubt the existence of sin? Assuredly we do nothing of the kind. There is sin enough in the world, God knows—sin palpable, undeniable and hideous for its amount and enormity. Neither do we deny tendencies in man that may lead to sin; we only say, there are tendencies as well which lead to virtue. And in maintaining that sin exists, we conceive that from our point of view we are in a better position to establish the fact of its being sin, and to urge the sinner to return to a better state of mind. For we say that man has a very clear perception of sin; and we will not let him evade his responsibility by talking about a naturally depraved nature

which will not let him do otherwise than sin. I say, we do believe in sin; and, further, we will not allow any excuse for indulging in it either. Can the advocates of original sin sincerely say the same?

But now I proceed to ask, supposing original sin to be a baseless idea, what meaning is to be put on Paul's words in the text? Orthodox people would say that God expressly designed sinfulness of nature for man, as giving Him occasion to shew forth His great mercy by delivering him from it. Well, we too believe in God's mercy, and we also believe in such a condition for man as should give Him an occasion for displaying His great love and mercy. But then we do not believe in natural depravity as this condition, and partly because, if we could conceive of God suffering man to come into the world in a state of sin, guilt and condemnation, we could hardly believe in His mercy at all in the face of this enormous wrong. No; we could have no belief in His mercy on such terms, any more than we could believe in a father's fondness who should place his child in a position of imminent peril, fatal to most, simply that he might at length open up for him a way of escape. So now let me say that what I conceive Paul to have meant by these words is, that God included us all in a state of *imperfection*, of *simple incompleteness*, that He might display His love and mercy towards us. We are not sinful by nature, but incomplete, and so are the objects of His gracious designs. I propose one brief word in illustration.

God is the Source, the Fountain-head, of all existence; but the relation in which He stands to it must depend upon its various kinds and natures. He made the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea; but His relation to these is simply that of supplier of their physical wants, that being all their nature admits of. He also made the angels which stand around His throne, and day and night chant His high praise; and here His relation is higher, for with these He can hold fellowship, and to them communicate His thoughts and purposes. But He also made man—and here, we might say, His relation is highest of all; for man's needs being numerous and varied

in accordance with his frail and multi-form nature, and there being a gracious supply for them all, so every supply may be regarded as a fresh revelation and display of God's goodness and mercy towards him. Thus, because man is ignorant, therefore does God appear as his teacher; because he is weak, therefore is God his helper; because he may fall into sin and temptation, therefore does God appear his rock of refuge and strong deliverer; because he may repent of his sins, therefore is God his gracious forgiver; because he is subject to pain and sorrow, therefore is God his consoler and comforter; and because his spiritual nature may fear extinction like his mortal, therefore does God cheer him with the hope and promise of an immortal existence. Oh, who does not see what an infinite variety of aspects and offices, all tender and loving and beautiful, come into view when we consider God's relation to us as human beings? If with every kind of want—and how many and various are our wants!—there be needful supply, so, as it were, with every supply there is a fresh glimpse of the face of our Father in heaven. Oh, it is not all a loss to come into the world poor, puny, helpless infants dependent upon a mother's care! For is it nothing to gaze into a mother's loving eyes for long years together, to be fed and watched over by her, to sit at her feet to receive instruction, to be corrected by her when erring, to be pardoned when repentant, and so to learn the lesson of her boundless gentleness and tenderness and patience? Who desires to have missed this lesson by coming into the world a full-formed human being? And so, I say, it is not all a loss to be born human beings, weak, frail, mortal; for assuredly in the assistance which, above our askings, comes to our waiting, seeking souls, we may view God's loving kindness and tender mercy in innumerable ways such as we should otherwise wholly miss; nor is it necessary, in order to this, that we should first write against ourselves that terrible indictment, wrung at a moment of remorseful surprise and anguish from David's heart against himself, "Born in sin and in iniquity conceived."

Lynn.

J. S.

DR. STURTEVANT ON CONGREGATIONALISM.

1. THAT we are not indebted to English Episcopacy for the English Bible. We owe it rather, under the gracious providence of God, to that glorious spirit of radical and thorough reformation, which has always been hostile to the whole Episcopal hierarchy.

2. That Congregationalism retains and respects that independency of the local church, which is the only form of ecclesiastical organization sanctioned, or countenanced, or even mentioned in the New Testament. That the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the other hand, constructs its whole system of polity on a national centralization of the government of the Church, of which no trace appears in the churches of the Apostles.

3. That Congregationalism is a development of that fundamental principle of all religious freedom, that it is the right and the duty of every man to worship God according to the teachings of the divine word. That the Protestant Episcopal Church, on the other hand, assumes the right of a national corporation, the existence of which has no sanction in apostolic teaching and example, to prescribe to the whole body of the faithful.

4. That Congregationalism recognizes the authority of the Fathers of the first age, the twelve apostles of the Lamb, and of those only. That the Episcopal Church can only trace its forms and ceremonies to the Fathers of the second, third, and fourth centuries, when the church was rapidly passing under that dark cloud of superstitions and corruptions, which in a still later age were consolidated under the terrible despotism of the Papacy.

5. That Congregationalism powerfully tends to bind all true believers in Christ in a blessed, moral and spiritual union of freedom, faith and charity. That Episcopacy, on the other hand, in common with all other attempts at the centralization of the government of the church, by seeking and claiming an authority which God never gave her, is, and for ages has been, dividing the true friends of Christ into many rival, and often hostile, factions, utterly inconsistent with that moral and spiritual unity of all the disciples of Christ, for which our Lord so fervently and touchingly prayed.

A PARABLE.

THE ORTHODOX PRIEST, THE SICK MAN,
AND TRUTHFINDER, A HERETIC.

BY GEORGE LUCAS.

IT came to pass that when a certain mechanic had travelled many days, he grew faint through lack of food, and being unable to prolong his journey, he sat down upon a stone to rest his weary limbs and to bathe his smarting feet, when lo! his strength failing him, he rolled down a steep place into a ditch below.

Now about this time, Truthfinder, a citizen of that country, passed along that way, and seeing the man in the ditch, he had compassion upon him, and ran thither, and raised his face out of the mud. And so Josiah—for that was his name—was saved from suffocation.

"What shall I now do?" said Truthfinder. "I cannot carry this poor man alone, seeing he is very heavy, and there is none to help me in this solitary place." So he held Josiah up, in hope that some one would journey that road and assist him to deliver the sick man from his deplorable condition.

And it was so that a venerable Priest drove along thereby in his carriage, and Truthfinder, being weary with holding, called aloud for help. So the Priest's carriage stood still, and the Priest alighted and drew near to the place where the sick man lay. Now Truthfinder rehearsed unto the Priest all the story about Josiah, how he found him in the ditch, and also that he was weary with bearing the burden alone. And he entreated the Priest to lay a stout hand to one side of the sick man, that together they might remove him to the house of healing. Whereupon the Priest drew out his golden eye-glass, and looking down upon Truthfinder, he answered and said:

"I think I have seen thee before. Is not thy name Truthfinder? Did not thou write a book which I found to differ from the articles of my belief? Was it not thee whom I beheld from the window of my carriage addressing my parishioners about Temperance upon the holy sabbath? Art not thou that very Truthfinder?"

"Verily, it is even so," rejoined Truthfinder. "But will a Priest refuse

to help a poor sick traveller, who has fallen into a ditch?"

"Alack!" said the Priest, "but I can have no part with heretics. Truly do I pity the sick traveller, and fain would I deliver him from his sad condition, if in company with a true believer; but I must have no fellowship with infidels. Dost thou not know, Truthfinder, that, once out of that ditch, Josiah, as thou dost call him, would be sure to follow thee, and would worship in thy temple upon Mount Gerizim, where no man ought to worship?"

So the Priest turned himself away, stepped into his carriage, and passed out of sight.

Now Truthfinder was sorely grieved at the conduct of the Priest; but he still held by the sick man, until one of the name of Fustian Jacket came up, and they took Josiah away to the house of healing, and they comforted their brother in his affliction.

Albeit, after a while, the Priest returned by the same way in which he went; and as it was now exceedingly dark before him, his carriage pitched against the stone upon which the sick man had sat, when lo! he was thrown into the ditch in which Josiah had been found. And he was grievously injured by his fall.

It was about this time that Truthfinder was returning from comforting the sick man; whereupon, finding the Priest in the mud, he hastened and assisted him, nor would he depart until the Priest was safely conducted to his palace; for his carriage was broken.

Now on the morrow the Priest began to consider what had been done, and his thoughts troubled him. So Rebecca, his wife, took knowledge of his grief, and she inquired of her beloved, and she urged him, until he rehearsed the whole matter respecting the sick man to his wife Rebecca. Now was the heart of Rebecca very sad, and she said:

"I perceive my beloved has erred this once, in that he hath refused to shew compassion to the poor."

"Nay," said her lord the Priest, "but not in that alone have I offended; in this rather, that I have become a judge of evil thoughts: I have condemned a brother whose heart I could not read.

I have struck a blow at liberty of conscience; I have lost a precious opportunity of doing good; and I may have caused many to blaspheme. It may be that the Lord is now chastising his servant in his anger."

And his wife Rebecca was deeply affected, and she said unto her husband: "It may even be so; but let us humble ourselves before the Lord, that his anger may be stayed. And we will send for the man Truthfinder who returned with thee to thine house; it may be that his mind is not set against thee; for I have heard that he taketh delight in speaking words of comfort to the afflicted."

So a messenger went his way and found Truthfinder, who had returned again to see Josiah at the house of healing.

And when the Priest beheld Truthfinder, his heart was glad, and he spake gracious words unto him: nor were their spirits estranged the one from the other. And after they had talked of many things, until their hearts did burn with holy love, they bowed together, and together they wept, and offered their common thanks to their common Father in heaven.

And when they arose from their worship, Rebecca also inquired diligently after the sick man. And she handed Truthfinder one hundred pence, saying, "Take thou this, and give it to the poor man who fainted in the ditch; and whatsoever more he needeth, come thou to me, and he shall have it. And the Lord bless Josiah, and thee also."

So Truthfinder departed from the house of the Priest, wondering within himself how these things had come to pass. And he rejoiced greatly that he had not spoken harshly to the Priest when he refused to help the sick man out of the ditch, but had committed his way unto the Most High, who causeth light to shine out of darkness.

And as Truthfinder walked along his way, his guardian angel whispered in his ear, saying: "Truthfinder, seest thou not how Love accomplisheth all things! Love can conquer souls into which no arguments can find an entrance. Love hath a tongue more potent than eloquence. Love is omnipotent! *God is love!*"

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

GENTLE REPROOF.—At one of the railway stations an aged man took a seat in the carriage in which I was riding. He soon shewed that he had been drinking. He was very talkative and awfully profane. His language seemed too bad to be heard; but what could be done? He would probably resent any reproof or good counsel that could be given; "trample it under his feet, and turn again and rend us." A gentleman sitting a short distance from him sought to catch his eye and restrain him by a steady, reproving look. That not availing, he went to the swearer, and said, in a kindly tone, "I believe, sir, you and I are the oldest persons here; are we not?" "Yes," he replied, with a pompous air, "I think we are, and I believe I have the majority." "Well, then," said the gentleman, "shall we not set a good example for these younger people, and use no bad words for them to imitate?" "That may be your doctrine," said he, "but it is not mine." The gentleman returned to his seat, and said no more; but the swearer's voice fell and his oaths ceased. He was tamed by a gentle reproof.

HOLY COAT AGAIN.—A singular ceremony will take place at Treves next year. A religious paper of Belgium says: "We have just heard from very good authority that an exhibition of the holy robe of our Saviour will take place in the latter part of August, 1866, at Treves. This intelligence will undoubtedly rejoice the hearts of all good Christians, more especially of the faithful, who have already been blessed by the happiness of witnessing this sight. We can predict with certainty that the crowds which this spectacle will draw, will be twice as great as that which was attracted by this same exhibition A. D. 1844, inasmuch as at that period no line of railway existed to connect this Gallie Rome with the rest of Europe."

ST. CATHERINE.—A curious legend was told by the Rev. C. W. Bingham at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute in Dorset, England. The legend was, that on a certain day in the year the young women of Abbotsbury used to go up to St. Catherine's Chapel, where they made use of the following prayer: "A husband, St. Catherine; a handsome one, St. Catherine; a rich one, St. Catherine; a nice one, St. Catherine; and soon, St. Catherine." Mr. Beresford Hope, who at these gatherings is always equal to any emergency, modestly proposed that all gentlemen and married ladies should retire from the church, so as to afford the young ladies present the opportunity of using so desirable a prayer.

GLADSTONE.—The *Record* says: "Our alarm in regard to Mr. Gladstone's tendencies has been more excited by the sanction which he gave to Mr. Maurice's Essays in opposition to Bishop Blomfield, and his subsequent alliance with Dean Stanley and others of his sceptical class, than by anything he has

said or threatened hostile to the Church Establishment." And it adds: "Our chief objection to Mr. Gladstone consists in our alarm at the countenance he has given to those who would not only pull down the Establishment, but fill the high places of our Church with men who despise the authority of God's Word written, and reject the fundamental doctrine of the vicarious atonement of our Lord and Saviour."

WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are 4041 muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, 13,300 arteries, vessels, veins and bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1000 to each mass, join together, when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 1000 united. Lewenhock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, who spun threads so fine that it took 4000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

PLEASE DON'T GO IN.—A little boy seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door counting some money he held in his hand, and evidently intending to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, "Please don't go in there." The man put his hand with the money in his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice, and did not go in.

The following are the terms for supplying the
CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:

1 copy	per year	2s. 6d.
2 copies	"	4 0
3 copies	"	5 6
4 copies	"	6 0
5 copies	"	8 0
6 copies	"	9 6
7 copies	"	11 0
8 copies	"	12 0
9 copies	"	14 0
10 copies	"	15 0
11 copies	"	16 6
12 copies	"	18 0
13 copies	"	19 0
14 copies	"	20 0
Above this quantity, at the same rate.		

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, Strand, W.C.

Printed and Published by
WHITEFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.